

BATMAN  
No. 24

BACK THE 5<sup>TH</sup> WAR LOAN!



# BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
LEAD OFF WITH A  
TRULY UNUSUAL  
ADVENTURE-IN-TIME...  
**"IT HAPPENED  
IN ROME!"**

AUG.  
SEPT.  
TEN CENTS







# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

DOE  
KANE

IF SOME MAGIC WAND  
COULD WARP THE  
BATMAN AND ROBIN  
BACK ACROSS THE  
BRIDGE OF YEARS TO  
A Distant Past,  
WHAT THRILLING  
ADVENTURES WOULD  
CONFRONT THE  
STEEL-ARMED CRIME-  
SLAYERS OF THE  
20TH CENTURY?

WELL, HERE'S THE  
ANSWER: A PULSE-  
POUNGING STORY OF  
ANCIENT SLAVE—THAT  
SPLENDID, BREATING  
CITY WHERE GLADIATORS  
FOUGHT ON CONCRETE  
SANDS AND CHAROTS  
CHURNED AT SERIAL-  
KILLER SPEED! INTO  
THIS BLAZING, HIS-  
TORICAL ATMOSPHERE  
PLUNGES THE POWER-  
HOUSE PAIR IN THE  
TERRIBLE—SHOOTING  
ADVENTURE—

"IT HAPPENED  
IN ROME"

ALONG A STRANGE, HAZARDOUS STREET, ONE DAY,  
STILL IN BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY FASHION...

SO THIS  
IS ANCIENT  
ROME?

WHAT IS THIS? BRUCE WAYNE IN ANCIENT ROME?  
YES—READ ON!



A sudden commotion nearby attracts Bruce's attention...



A swift transformation... and the Batman, crime-crusher from 1941, charges into the thick of an ancient Roman fight...



ABRUPTLY, A BAND OF GUARDSMEN BEARS DOWN UPON THE TWO...



AGAINST THAT SINISTER CIRCLE OF STEEL, EVEN THE BATMAN IS HELPLESS TO ACT!



INDIVIDUAL IT IS! ARE YOU STILL WONDERING WHAT THE BATMAN IS DOING IN ANCIENT ROME? SEE THE NEXT PAGE AND FIND OUT!





NOW BACK TO 1947: IT'S THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR CARTER NICHOLS, WHERE A HYPNOTIZED BRUCE WAYNE SPEAKS LIMPLY IN A CHAIR!

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, PROFESSOR, THAT HE'S NOW IN ANCIENT ROME, WHERE YOU PROJECTED HIM?

THAT'S RIGHT! IF MY HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENT WORKED, BRUCE IS NOW FEELING THE SHRETS OF A BYGONE ERA!



I'VE GOT A FUNNY HUNCH SOMETHING'S WRONG—BRUCE IS IN A JAM!



FOR SO STRONG IS THE BOND BETWEEN BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, THAT A TELEPATHIC WARNING BELL RINGS A SKRILL ALARM ACROSS THE CENTURIES!

PROFESSOR, HOW ABOUT HYPNOTIZING ME AND SENDING ME TO THE SAME PLACE?



WHY, CERTAINLY! I CAN'T GUARANTEE MY EXPERIMENT WILL WORK, YOU KNOW! BUT WELL TRY!

PRESENTLY...



...BACK... BACK... TO ANCIENT ROME... BACK!

DICK'S SENSES SWIM, HIS MIND WHIRLS AS THOUGH IN A HUGE VACUUM, AND...



GOSH, IT WORKED! HERE I AM!

LOOK, OFFICER! A STRANGE YOUTH, PROBABLY FROM SOME FARAWAY PROVINCE!

WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM, LAD? ARE YOU A SLAVE?

HUNT WELL, IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT I'M FROM AMERICA!



A-MER-I-KAY! THERE'S NO SUCH PLACE! YOU MUST BE A RUNAWAY SLAVE!

I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!



SO HERE'S A TRICK I LEARNED AROUND MY BLOCK!







MODERN SCIENCE CONNECTS  
THE DYNAMIC DUO IN AN  
ANCIENT SETTING!



DON'T LOOK SO  
SURPRISED, JESTER!  
THAT WAS JUST A  
LITTLE BIRD WHO'S  
GOING TO RESCUE  
US! ROBIN!

WHAT?  
I SEE NO  
WINGED  
CREATURES!



BUT A SHORT WHILE AFTERWARD...

GREAT JUPITER!  
SESTERCES  
FROM  
HEAVEN!

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN  
HE'LL BE SEEING  
STARS  
SOON,  
TOO!



A BOLT — OF LIGHTING STIKES FROM THE REAR...



ROBIN, MEET  
THE GUEST! HE  
LOOKS LIKE  
THE JOKER,  
BUT HE'S ON  
OUR SIDE!

I HOPE HE HAS  
A BETTER  
SENSE OF  
HUMOR THAN  
THAT  
MADMAN!



ALAS, MY MIRTH IS  
GONE! MY FRIEND,  
GTO, IS IN TROUBLE!  
MALCHIO AND HIS MEN  
HAVE GONE TO PUNISH  
HIM BECAUSE HE  
REFUSES TO THROW  
THE RACE!

NOW THAT  
WE'RE  
FREE WE'LL  
HELP YOU,  
JESTER!  
LEAD US TO  
HIM!



THE ROMAN CLOWN GUIDES THEM THRU  
THE WINDING, ANCIENT STREET.  
PRESENTLY...

THIS IS THE  
PLACE! GTO  
DWELLS AT  
THIS INN!

SOUNDS AS  
IF SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING  
ALL RIGHT!







BUT THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES  
SPOT THE DANGER, AND...

WHY  
THE  
DIRTY  
SNAKE!

I'M PULLING  
HIS FANGS  
AWAY  
ROBIN!

YOU FOOLS!  
MUST I  
SUBDUCE  
THESE  
CREATURES  
MYSELF?

HA, HAY YOU'RE  
A BETTER JESTER  
THAN I AM,  
OH, NOBLE  
MALCHIO!

HERE LIES THE END OF  
IDLE BOAST! ALAS, OF  
TRUTH, TWAS BUT A  
GHOST!

MEANWHILE, A TASTE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PUNISHMENT  
PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE TERRIFIED ANCIENT ROMANS...

THESE ARE  
NOT MEN,  
BUT PUNISH!  
FLEE FOR YOUR  
LIVES!

I'M GLAD  
YOU KNOW  
WHEN  
YOU'RE  
WHIPPED!

HERE, YOU  
NEED THESE  
SHIELDS  
MORE  
THAN WE  
DO!

AND  
DON'T  
FORGET  
YOUR  
NOBLE  
BOSS!

GENTLY, THEN, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR UNSTERS AID TO  
THE FALLEN GITO...

MY LAST RACE...  
I MUST BE IN IT...  
SO MANY PEOPLE  
HAVE WAGERED  
THEIR MEAGER  
EARNINGS ON ME!

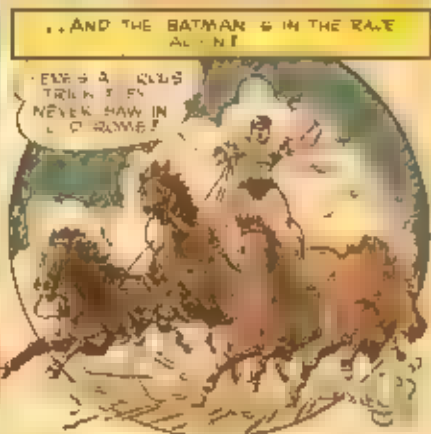
BUT YOU CAN'T RACE  
TOMORROW, GITO!  
YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION!  
MALCHIO HAS  
SEEN TO  
THAT!

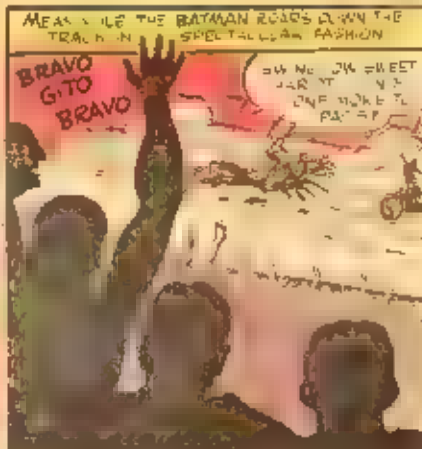
NO, NOT THE  
PEOPLE WILL  
THINK THAT I,  
GITO, TOOK  
A BEIR  
TO STAY AWAY!  
AND IT'S MY  
LAST RACE,  
TOO!





BUY THE PLAN OF THE  
THE  
THE BATMAN?







CALVUS, THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

AS HIS NAME IS BATMANUS, HE  
KNOWS THE NAME OF HIS  
OPPONENT. HE KNOWS THE  
NAME OF HIS OPPONENT.  
HE KNOWS THE NAME OF HIS  
OPPONENT.



CALVUS, THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

BUT THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

AND THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.



THE NEXT DAY, NEWS OF THE  
CONTEST REACHES THE  
EARS OF THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD.

THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.



THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.



THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.



THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.

THE FINEST FIGHTER  
IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A  
CONTEST.



A SHINING FLIPPER, A COILED-SPRING WRIST AND THE  
BATMAN, THE FINEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD, HAS  
CHALLENGED BATMAN TO A CONTEST.



AND IN THE 20TH CENTURY  
THESE WILL BE KNOWN  
AS AN AIRPLANE  
SPIN!

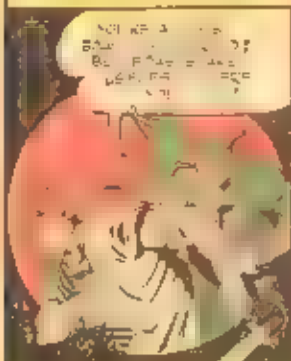


ANIONIC  
POLYMERIZATION

6. 43E 43E (7)  
 11. E<sub>L</sub> 2-5  
 12. MAY 4



BUT THE KID WASN'T A LITTLE BIT  
NODDING TO THE GUY IN



NO! HE'S A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =



WASN'T GET AT THE  
MURDER TO THE  
MURDER TO THE  
MURDER TO THE  
MURDER TO THE

LET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE



I'M MADE SOME TOO  
HOT FOR YOU ALLHIO!  
OH LA LA! THE  
MURDER

OWW!

LATER AT THE GUY IN



WELL, I'M NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =



WELL, I'M NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =

WELL, I'M NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =



I'M MADE SOME TOO  
HOT FOR YOU ALLHIO!  
OH LA LA! THE  
MURDER

THEY'RE NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =



WELL, I'M NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =



WELL, I'M NOT A LITTLE  
BOW FANGS = AND  
MURDER =

OH, THAT'S  
BECAUSE THEY'RE  
THE ONLY ONE  
THAT'S THERE  
RIGHT BRUCE?

YES

END

HEATING  
HINZ

FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME  
HIS HISTORY IS PLEASED  
TO C + SHOW HE BE WITH  
THE ALL THING  
TODAY FOR THE FIRST  
FATHER I N D EVER

1170075  
 W 1000  
 1170075

STATE ALL UNQUINDED REPORTS TO THE FBI NOTWITHSTANDING THE FACT THAT LEADERSHIP OF PISA HAS NEVER BEEN SUPPORTED BY A GROUP OF ITS OWN RELATIVES - -

AND IF ANYONE EVER TALKS TO THAT  
'UNCLE TOM' CLEWIN, WOULD A MENTAL KNIGHT  
KNIGHT CALL HIM 'Y' YOU BELIEVE I  
THAT'S JUST A LOT OF HECTIC HISTORY.

YES A MOUNTAIN SHOW-UP  
END 2K LAST 15 TO HOME  
RUE IT AND

DON'T THINK IT BY  
ARE SAY, I'M ONLY  
OL UNCLE TOM  
HAD SELF!

MARK REVERE DID NOT RIDE WHIRLWAY  
OR EVEN COUNT FLEET ON HIGHWAY TAKING  
RIDE — THE NAME WAS MIDDIN

THE ABOVE NAME WAS NOT KNOWN  
TO ANY OF THE PERSONS IN THE GROUP  
WHICH OF THE SUBJECTS OF THE  
IN THE YEAR OF 1925 OR ANY  
OTHER YEAR IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO  
FOR THE ALTERNATIVE

MA. P. FASTER  
NO. 10. 11. 12  
BE AFTER FORGETTING  
YOU IN MY WILL

MAKING MY NEXT  
ANSWER?  
YES. NO. YES. NO.

ABANDONED THE ANCIENT  
PRINCIPLES WAS DEFINITELY NOT  
THE ONE WHO INVENTED THE FORMER  
PRESENT DAY FALLEN ARMY

AT LONG ISLAND HECTAR HATCHERY WAS POSITIVE  
PROOF THAT SHE WAS LAMEN DID NOT  
DISORDERLY BUT SHE DID NOT BE FROM HERE  
WAS ALSO NOT THE DISCOVERED OF COGNITION

CHUNG LEE DE  
P.O. Box 4244  
Wichita, KS 67201  
Tel. 316-261-1111  
WANT AGENT

1. 1000 1000 1000  
 2. 1000 1000 1000  
 3. 1000 1000 1000

Abstract

[illegible]

NOW THAT'S SURELY  
IT GIVES A GUY A CHANCE  
TO TURN AROUND!

WEST

EAST





Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this chest!"



OUR SAILOR FRIEND CERTAINLY APPRECIATES THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" SO WILL YOU, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW REALLY GOOD WHEATIES ARE... GOOD FOR YOU... AND DELICIOUSLY GOOD, TOO.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT ROASTED AND TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP, THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT MAKE THE SAME CHAMPION DISH RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY LEADING COACHES AND BIG-TIME ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY AND ZIPPY "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES TOP NOURISHMENT AND TIP-TOP FLAVOR. SO GET SET FOR REAL FUN AT BREAKFAST. SAY INTO A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



**"Breakfast of  
Champions"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

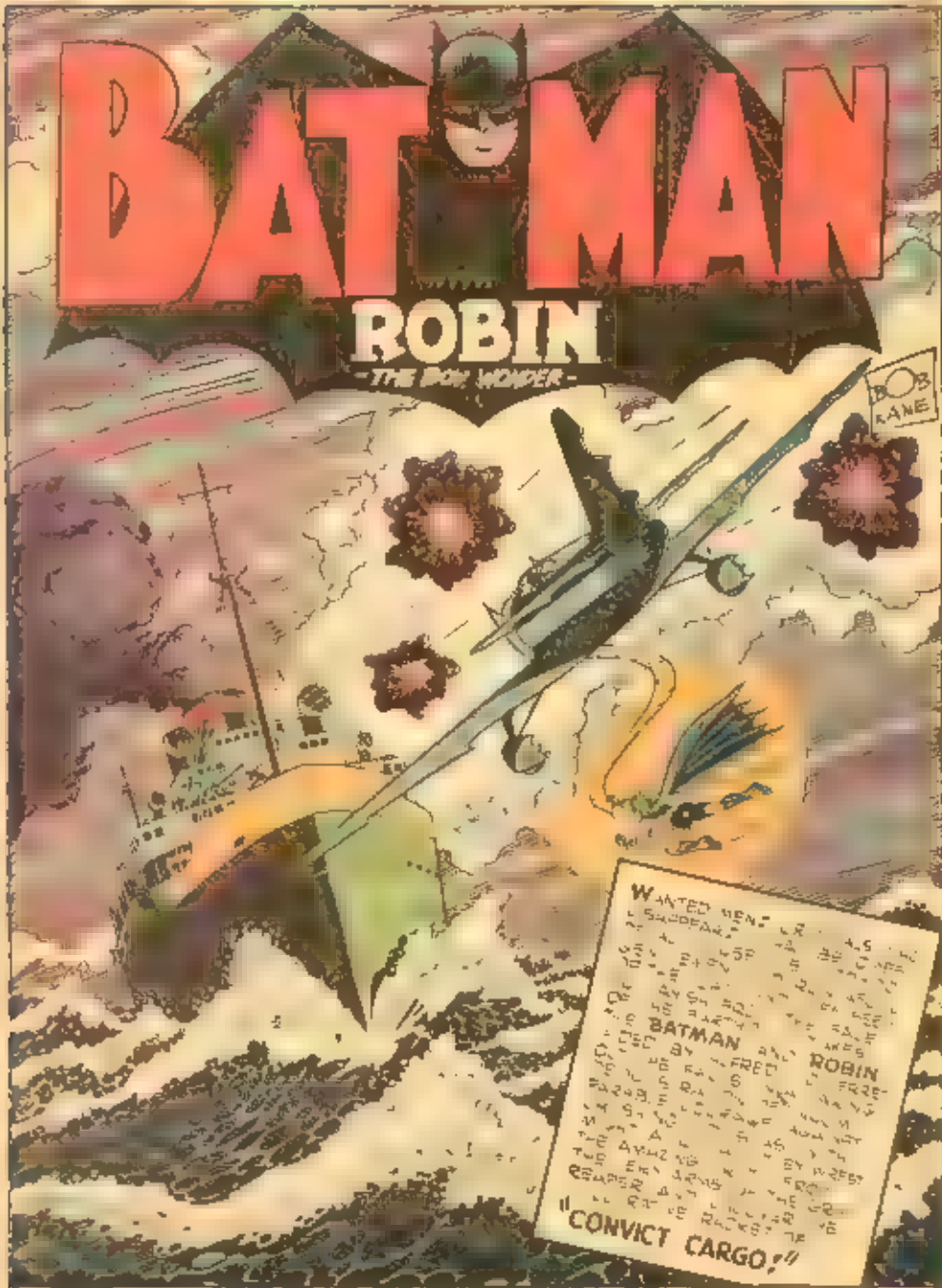
Wheaties and the Wheaties logo are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

BATMAN

# BATMAN

## ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-





FOR STRATED  
AMT ON 2-2-5  
N THE ROL OF  
ALPED THE  
WAYNE BUT ER  
FOR HE LEADS  
OF 24 G  
A GREAT  
FETE G  
FO LOW NG N  
THE FOOTSTEPS  
OF HS PA ED  
MASTERS  
**BATMAN**  
AND  
**ROBIN...**

OF HS TAY FOR  
C LIE STN S A N THE  
BROAD PAPER IF CATHAMS



WELL  
THAT MAN BEAT  
ME TO T A A  
YOU CAN MY  
NURA ED CHVALRY  
KEEP PALE WITH  
THE SPEED OF  
HS MODERN  
AGE!

WH HE ENY RELRNG  
AT PARCEL AT 24:1 AND  
HE SAW HER DRUP T  
AN AS DENT HES A  
THEE THATS WHAT?

I TAY  
THERE -

YOU  
COME BACK  
WITH THAT  
TAY

6:15 HERE  
TAY HERE  
TAY HERE  
TAY HERE



ANX  
I HAE YOU  
KW YOU  
GLOINDREL?

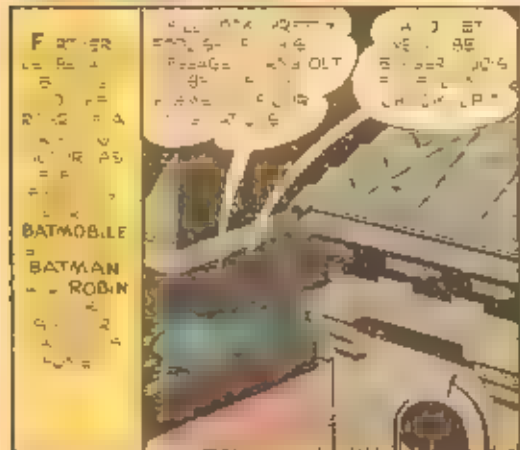
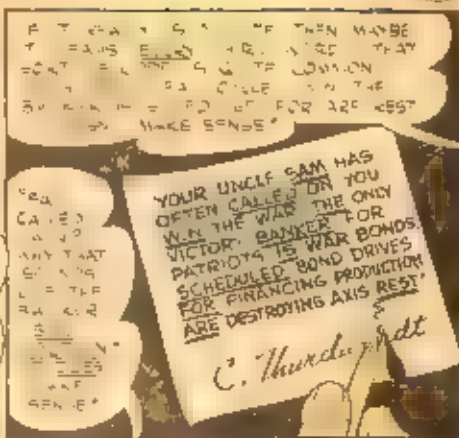
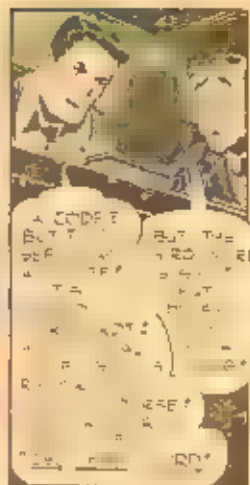
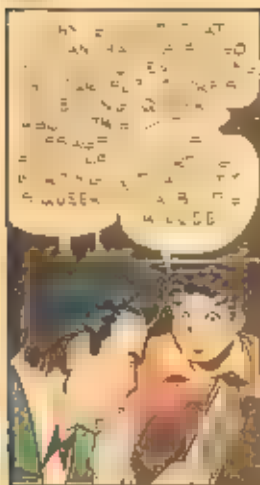
OF ALL  
DA  
TOUGH  
WOLF?

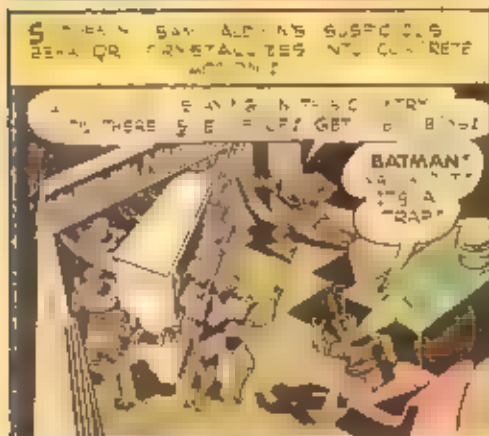


THERE HE GOES THE BLACKGARD?  
BUT AT EAST IVE RETREIVED THE  
PARCEL: NOW TO FIND THAT  
TAY AH HERE SHE COMES NOW











TIME TAKES  
ON A LONG  
JOURNEY  
BETWEEN THE  
BANKS OF  
RIVERS AND  
THE COAST  
OF  
ALABAMA  
CONSIDERABLE  
BEACHES  
RETURN



BATMAN 00 0  
C C T T = T  
00 4 0 0 0 0  
04 0 0 0 0 0 0

4 = ?    Δ ?  
2 =    C    I  
2E = 3ER  
C    A  
T = F P    IVE  
GJ    GE  
SS    VER  
GC

SPRING 1980

YES BATHMAN  
WHAT?

[illegible]

WE'LL ROBIN+ SOME GRL +  
THE DA'S OFFICE MUST HAVE  
POE OFF + GA G ABU.  
CAN +S OPEN +  
ARREST FOR SUGG +S  
FINDS +E GANG TO-D  
CAUSE +E +E BANG TO A  
PRCE FOR GETTING R +  
OUT OF THE COUNTRY?  
+ S BET  
RACKET?

IS THAT THE  
CONFESSIONERS  
THEY WERE IN  
THE HOUSE WAS  
BEING TO BE  
PICKED UP BY  
THAT CROOK  
ALFRED CARRBY?

AND T LOCKED  
 NO NOISE  
 JUST IN CASE  
 T GET TO  
 THE WRONG  
 WAY A  
 THE WAY  
 THE OF  
 KEEP G THE  
 GAL FLW  
 RL G THE  
 SEX OF  
 BE G SEEN  
 ASSE AT G  
 TV GGS

IT WAS  
HAPPENED  
THAT  
OTHER SE  
V-C-O  
AFTER  
BEFORE  
DA WAS  
PLAY G TO  
CRACK  
SCOT

"I'VE FREED LADY!  
 "SHE'S ALREADY BEING A  
 "MURDERER! SHE'S BEEN  
 "DOING IT FOR YEARS!  
 "SHE'S THE ONLY PACKAGE  
 "TO CAN GET A LEAD  
 "TO THE GANG? HERE  
 "ARE SEVEN MORE IN THE  
 "DAS OFFICE!"

AND A FRED  
DO - E N G E -  
A GOOD LOOK  
AT THE GIRLS  
FACE!

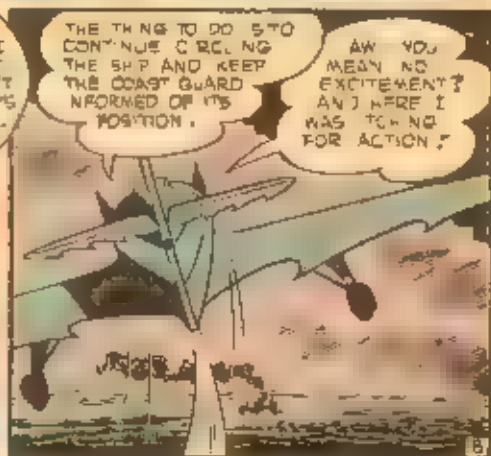
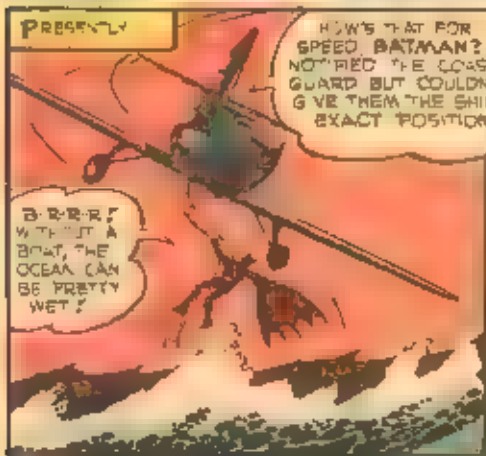
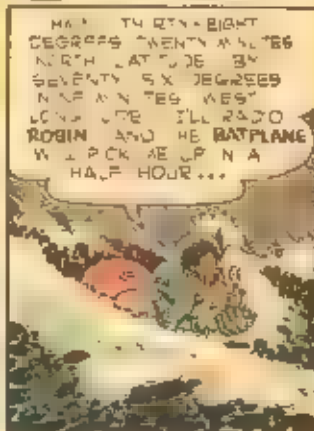
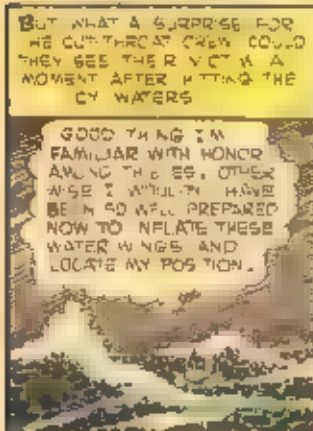
NEXT THERE'S ONLY ONE L.A. GUY WHO  
 BUT A MURDERER HE'S BUILT TO GO ON  
 TO BE BRUCE WAYNE OR CRIMINAL  
 -AS A MURDERER ABOUT FIVE FEET  
 GORDON

LAYEN

30357 - 30358 245  
GE A 111  
EX 12 =

I WOULD BE GLAD TO  
 SEE YOU AT THE  
 NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
 ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION  
 400 FIFTH AVENUE  
 NEW YORK 17, N.Y.  
 DAVID BROWN, JR.  
 1977-78



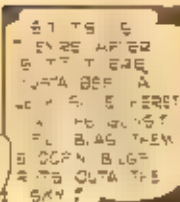






B. ROBN 5

**BATPLANE?**



THE JAF A S CODED IS CIBEXDZ

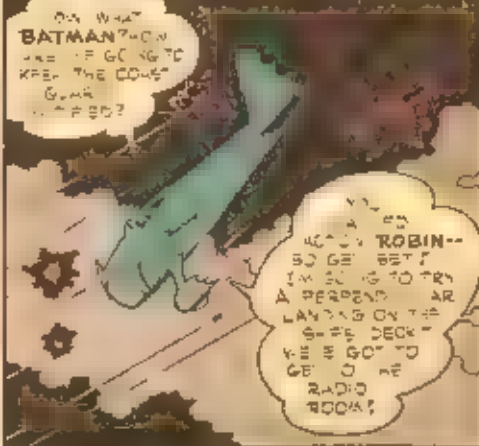


W. 45 BATPLANE

ROBIN: "I'm not a doctor, but I think you've got a cold."

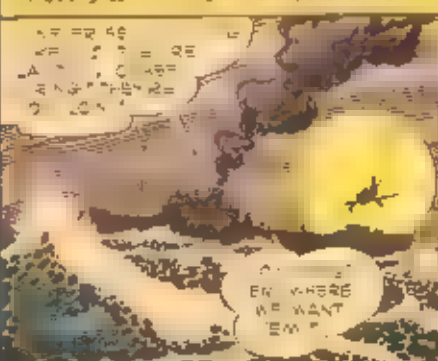


OUR WIFE  
BATMAN? NO  
WE'VE GOT TO  
KEEP THE COME  
GONE  
1975



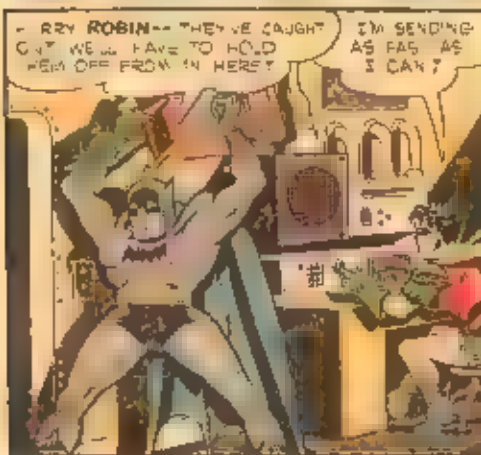
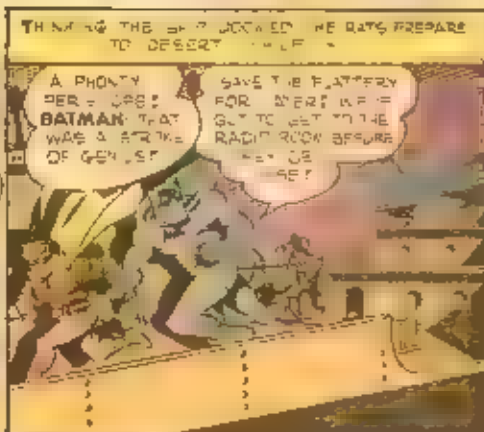
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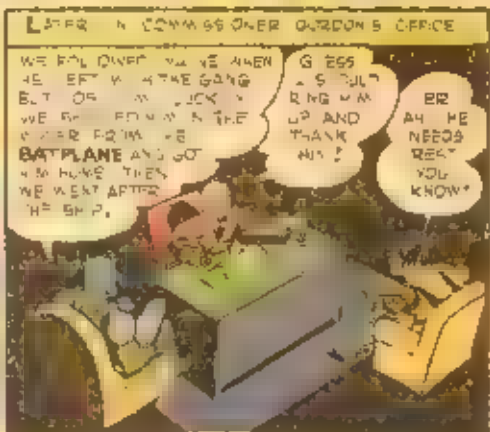
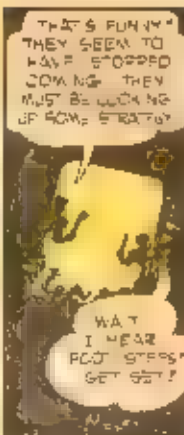
SATPLANE



FOR A  
TWO-TE  
TO ONE  
AND WE  
TO THE  
BETH \*



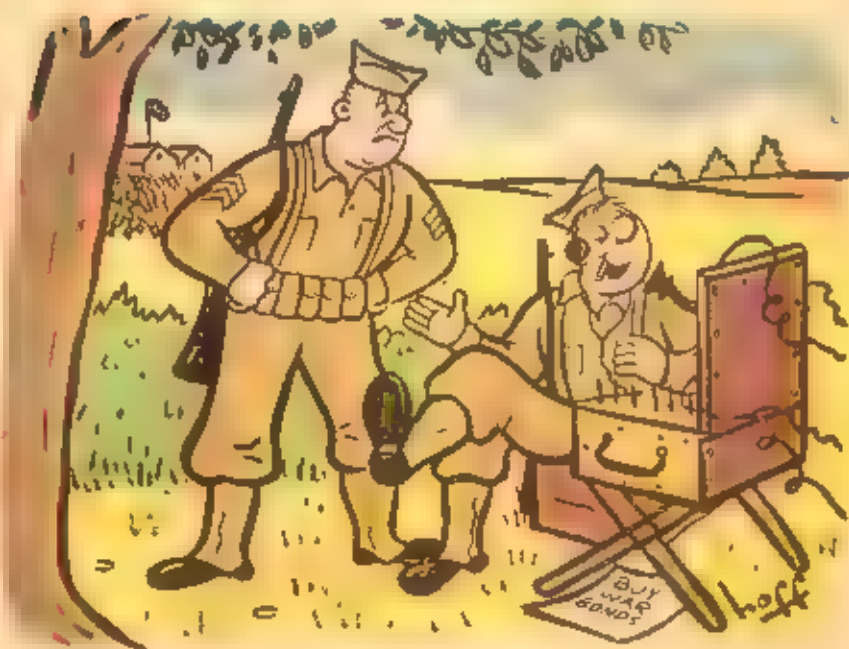






# LIGHTER MOMENTS with

## WALK TALKING BATTERIES



"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

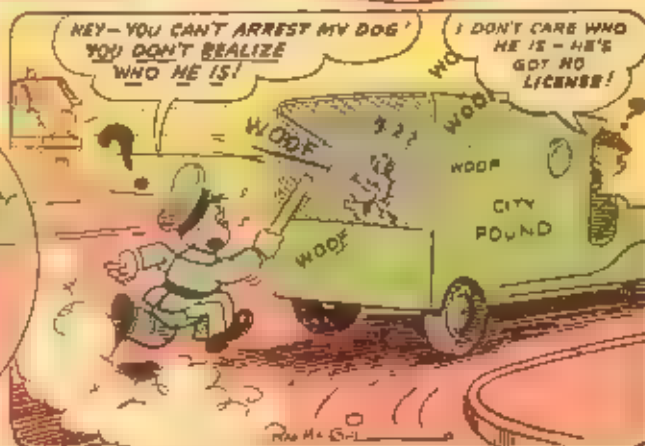
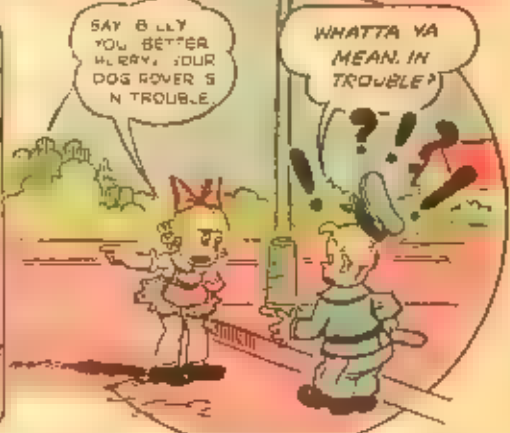
THE DEPENDABLE POWER OF Eveready's No. 100 Cells is just as excellent as their long life. They are made of the finest materials and are built to last. This means that they give you a long, steady, and reliable source of power for as long as you need it.

The proper handling of America's food supply is the responsibility of the government. It is the responsibility of the government to ensure that the food supply is adequate for the needs of the people.

The fruits of a steady and reliable power supply are the fruits of a steady and reliable power supply. Eveready's No. 100 Cells are the fruits of a steady and reliable power supply.

**EVEREADY**  
Tough-Grade





# WESTERN INCIDENT

by Tex Palmer

THIS was the first Western trip for Jenkins. He was a novelty salesman, only in those days, salesmen were called drummers. If there had been anyone else in the company to send, Jenkins would not have gotten this assignment. He was a very nervous man, so nervous that he still couldn't believe the Indians no longer presented a threat to the new America, the West.

Jenkins hated this weather. It was hot and arid and now in his hotel room, he felt as though he would never rid his throat, his clothes, or his boots of the alkali which caked all three. And the last thing he ever wanted to see again was flat plains, and cactus.

Sighing, Jenkins picked up his demonstration bag. His years of selling had made him resign himself to a life of hardship. He figured anything like this would happen to him. He unlocked the door carefully behind him, after averting his eyes quickly so that the memory of the old four poster bed, the cracked pitcher and wash-basin in the ancient hotel room wouldn't haunt him, and went downstairs.

In the hot, dusty street, the sun was dawning a rigadoo. Jenkins blinked to keep the burning shafts out of his eyes. His bag, in a cooler climate or dimly light, now felt like a couple of anvils. Perspiration began pouring down his face before he had gone twenty feet. His stiff collar wedged beneath his thin neck like some slowly dying thing, and Jenkins' flaming eyes were twin lights set in a sea of gelatinous flesh.

Usually Jenkins was the typical drummer. Today, he was anything but. He grained, visualizing the rest of the towns he'd have to make in this seven

week selling tour, and from his baked lips poured invective aimed at the head of Towne, the regular representative for this territory, who had gone back East to have his appendix removed.

And it being Saturday afternoon didn't help. The hitching posts were crowded with horses.

The rude board sidewalk was crowded with men, women, and children bounteous cowhands, all set for an evening of enjoyment, tanned thin cattlemen in for the weekly supplies and bank deposits, wives and sweethearts, looking cool and assured in their calico gowns and bonnets, chatted gaily and looked in store windows.

Jenkins' lips curled in distaste. He had always been against the Government's policy of expanding this wilderness they called the West. Being a staunch Republican, he had even written his Congressman about it. "Giving away all this land," he had written "will only bring in riff raff. We've got plenty of territory now. We don't need more. The time is not yet ripe for expansion. I protest."

And he was a professional protestor as can be seen.

The crowd was so thick, Jenkins had to fight his way along the board sidewalk. Cowboys in sharp, high heeled boots stepped on his toes, other men jostled him until he was forced to navigate precariously on the outer edge of the planked thoroughfare. In this way he failed to see the young boy nonchalantly whistling while seated in front of Ed Larkin's General Store.

Jenkins fell over him. Dust settled around him like a thundercloud. He looked up.

The boy, his face angry, was standing over him. The lad's fists were clenched. "Why don't you look where you're going, you . . . you dude."

Too dazed to reply, Jenkins remained silent for a moment. People began gathering around him, laughing and cat-calling.

Jenkins got painfully to his feet, his blood boiling. His eyes rested angrily on the lad's face, then shifted. There was something in the boy's face that stopped Jenkins from saying what he wanted to. He had wanted to say, "Why you dirty little gutter-snipe," and then box the kid's ears.

He didn't. Instead, he said "I'm sorry, son. I hope I didn't hurt you."

The boy looked him over coolly. I was an impudent state almost mocking. "You didn't," he said. "Okay mister."

Without another word, he resumed his whistling and Jenkins, the laughter of the crowd still ringing in his burning ears, fled into the coolness of the General Store.

Larkin was busy with the Saturday afternoon rush. Jenkins seated himself on an unopened crate of oranges and fanned himself vigorously with his hat. The coolness of the store brought back his good nature somewhat and he began to feel pleased with himself. He was glad he hadn't gotten into an argument with that fresh kid outside. There was no telling what those roasting cowboys might have done. After all, this was the wild and woolly West.

But, Jenkins had to admit to himself it didn't look so wild here in this General Store. And the way the rancher's wives were bargaining didn't make them look so woolly, either. They were a shrewd and healthy lot.



A clerk came over. "The Boss is going to be busy another hour, stranger. Most of these customers are his personal friends and he likes to tend to them himself. Now maybe you'd like me to look over your stuff. Big Ed says it's okay. I do a lot of the buying for him. Name's Brown."

"Sure," Jenkins smiled, opened his sample case. It was filled with novelties, such as imitation French powderuffs, some of the new-fangled hairnets, silk stockings, bright-colored neckties, a popular-priced line of razors. "These they are," he said. "Everything for young and old, something for every one, from Grandpappy to the kiddie." His sales talk bubbled on as the delighted clerk studied each new item.

The clerk looked up, puzzled. "I don't see anything for the kiddies," he said. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, excuse me," Jenkins lifted the lower layer of his sample case. "Here."

The clerk gasped. "Guns?" His bright blue eyes stared in wonderment at the sleek-looking array of revolvers.

Jenkins fairly beamed with delight. Well, here was something these cowboys didn't know. There was a water bucket standing nearby and, while the amazed clerk watched, Jenkins, reveling in this moment, unceremoniously tossed one of the guns into the pail.

Then he whirled. The clerk cowered as the gun muzzle swung toward him. "Hey, be careful with that thing," he gasped. "Want to blow my head off?"

Jenkins' face was suffused with laughter. The clerk's cries had commanded the attention of everyone in the store and that Jenkins decided, capped for super salesmanship.

A stream of water issued forth as Jenkins pulled the trigger.

The clerk leaped back, sank weakly against some bolts of canvas. "What . . . what is it?" he asked.

Jenkins looked around the store. The busy Ed Larkin, tall and grave-faced, had stopped his measuring of sugar and now, ladle in hand, he came over.

"It's the newest toy in the East," Jenkins said. "A water pistol. The kids there love 'em." He was the professional salesman and demonstrator now, holding his audience in the palm of his hand. "And for the protection of women against stray, perhaps wild dogs," he lectured, "this handy little weapon can be filled with ammonia. It's also a protection against tramps. With it, a woman can walk unafraid through the streets. She . . ."

He stopped, dismayed. Now that the first novelty of the gun had worn off the customers were deliberately turning their backs on him. Jenkins blinked. He couldn't understand this. What was the matter with these people, didn't they have children? Weren't the women afraid to walk the streets unaccompanied?

For a moment, he looked pitiful, and Ed Larkin, being a kindly man, stopped his work long enough to explain. "You see, Mister," he said. "That's a toy. And folks around here just don't think of guns as toys. They're as necessary as food—and there's no fooling around about a gun." The corner of his lips turned up in a faint grin. "And you'll probably find our women can more than take care of themselves."

But by now, Jenkins had recovered his composure. He remembered that the General Manager had been especially emphatic about this novelty. Probably because he had overbought himself for the East. "I expect you to get rid of a lot of them in the West," Jenkins had been told. "And I know you won't fail me."

Perhaps that's why Jenkins, at this moment, courted disaster. He turned, seeing for the first time, the young lad who had been whittling outside the store. The boy had come in for

a drink of water as Jenkins had begun the demonstration. He had watched it gravely.

Now Jenkins turned to him. Why, there wasn't a kid in the East didn't want a pistol like this. He beamed at the boy.

"Son," he boomed. "What would you say if I gave you this handy little water pistol?" His eyes searched the boy's face, waiting for a joyous light to appear. He was disappointed. And stunned.

"Mister," the boy said. "When I get me a gun, I don't aim for it to be a toy. Besides," his upper lip curled, "you can keep it."

The clerk, standing beside Jenkins and Larkin, laughed. A quick, bright flash of anger struck at Jenkins. "Why, you impudent little guttersnipe," he said. "If I were your father, and you showed manners like this I'd . . ."

"You'd what, Mater?" The boy stood fast, and his eyes, now twin slits, bored into Jenkins' face.

Jenkins felt a sudden chill go through him. He had never seen eyes like these. They looked almost like . . . why, like a killer's eyes were supposed to look, the way they were written about in Western stories.

Larkin broke the spell. His long arm reached out, grasped the boy at the scruff of the neck and sent the thin body reeling out the door. It landed in a cloud of dust.

The storekeeper's voice was apologetic. He liked this town and its people, and wanted it and they to make a good impression on strangers, even drummers. "You mustn't think all our boys are like him, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "We got some mighty fine boys in this town." He turned to the clerk. "Remember me, Browne," he said, "to talk to Sheriff Garrett about that young Bonney kid. He's gettin' too big for his britches." He snorted. "Billy the Kid, he calls himself now." Righteously he added "Somebody ought to give him a fanning."

# The Adventures of ALFRED

THE UNDERWORLD TREMBLES...  
CROOKS SCURRY FOR COVER...  
FOR HERE COMES ALFRED  
AGAIN... YOUR FAVORITE  
BUTLER-DETECTIVE ON  
HIS OWN IN...  
"POLICE LINE-UP!"

By *ALFRED*



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A  
PITILESS WHITE SPOTLIGHT PICKS  
OUT THE SWISTER FEATURES OF  
CRIMINAL ESCAPEES

TOOTS  
NOLSTON, ACCUSED  
OF LARCENY...  
TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK AT HIM,  
BOYS

HE SHOULD  
BE EASY TO  
REMEMBER  
HE'S THE VERY  
IMAGE OF THE  
HORSE THAT WON  
THE DERBY FOUR  
YEARS AGO



WHAT IS ALFRED DOING HERE?  
WATCHING THE POLICE LINE-UP.  
HE'S PERFECTING HIMSELF FOR  
READER IN THE ART OF DETEC-  
TION. GOOD DETECTIVES MUST BE  
ABLE TO RECOGNIZE ENEMIES OF  
THE UNDERWORLD, AND THROUGH  
BRUCE WAYNE'S INFLUENCE WITH  
COMMISSIONER GORDON, ALFRED  
HAS BEEN GIVEN THIS OPPOR-  
TUNITY TO OBSERVE THEM.



MY WORD... I NEVER  
SUSPECTED SO MANY CRIMINALS  
ARE PICKED UP EACH DAY AND  
I MUST REMEMBER ALL THE R  
FACES, OR I'LL NEVER RIVAL  
BATMAN AS A DETECTIVE!

THAT NIGHT SINISTER FEATURES PERFORM  
A WITCHES DANCE, AS ALFRED TOSSES  
IN RESTLESS SLUMBER.



AND THE CONCLUSION CARRIES OVER INTO THE NEXT DAY.



UNEXPECTEDLY



BUT PERHAPS I  
MAY BE ABLE TO  
PICK UP SOME IN-  
CRIMINATING EVIDENCE  
AGAINST HIM



AND ALFRED CLINGS TO THE  
TRAIL LIKE A LEECH



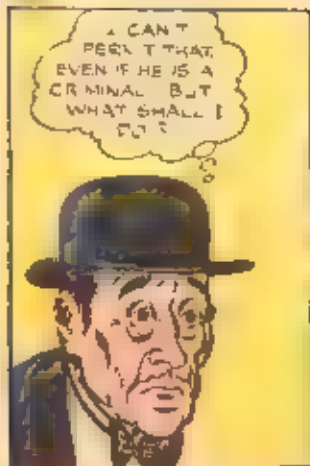
BUT AS TIME PASSES



I DIDN'T EXPECT  
YA HERE GRUM, BUT  
I'M SURE GLAD YA  
SHOWED UP I GOT SOME  
LEAD SLUGS WAITIN  
FOR YA







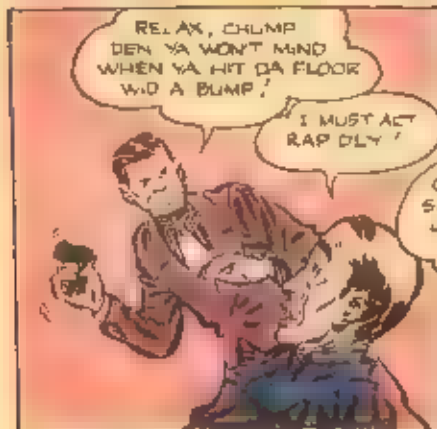
I CAN'T  
PERK T THAT,  
EVEN IF HE IS A  
CRIMINAL BUT  
WHAT SHALL I  
DO?

THE ANSWER TO THAT  
QUESTION IS OUT OF  
ALFRED'S HANDS AND IN  
CHARGE OF HIS FEET AS  
HE TAKES AN  
UNUSUAL STEP



HEY  
WHAT'S  
D.I.S.?

WHATEVER  
IT IS, I  
TAKE CARE  
OF IT



RELAX, CHUMP  
DEN YA WON'T MIND  
WHEN YA HIT DA FLOOR  
WID A BUMP!

I MUST ACT  
RAPIDLY!

ONE MIGHT  
SAY TH'S  
USING ONE'S  
HEAD



OOOFFFF!

BUT THE BUTLER'S BUTT HAS ONE  
UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCE... THE  
FLYING REVOLVER PUTS HIS WINE  
POSSIBLE ALY TEMPORARILY OUT OF  
THE FIGHT



AND NOW THE ODDS ARE FOUR TO ONE WITH ALFRED  
ON THE SHORT END!

OWAY CHUMP, DIS  
IS DA PAYOFF SURROUND  
HIM BOYS DERE?  
ANUDDER WAY TO HANDLE  
HIM BUT DIS IS  
SIMPLER!

I MUST THINK  
MORE RAPIDLY THAN  
EVER I HAVEN'T BEEN  
IN AS TIGHT A SQUEEZE  
SINCE I BOUGHT MY LAST  
PAIR OF SHOES A SIZE  
TOO SMALL



SPEAKING OF SHOES, PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP ME OUT OF A SQUEEZE AS WELL AS INTO ONE!

UNEXPECTEDLY, ALFRED'S ARM STRIKES A SWITCH...

HE OPENED DA TRAP DOOR, WE WERE KEEPING READY FOR DA COPS.

MY WORD TH'AT MUST BE THAT OTHER WAY TO HANDLE ME THEY SPOKE OF LUCKY FOR ME THEY TRUSTED TO THE R SUPERIOR NUMBER.

HEY... WHAT HAPPENED?

NICE WORK, PAL! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D HAVE BEEN WITHOUT YOU

IT'S MOST FORTUNATE I REMEMBERED YOU FROM THE POLICE LINE-UP!

LET US OUT!

HERE'S WATER DOWN HERE

YES, I NOTICED YOU THERE WHILE I INTRODUCED THE CROOKS. LITTLE DID I REALIZE YOU'D HELP ME AND CINCINNATI RED FOR BEING A FENCE

WHA

HE'S THE DETECTIVE WHO READ OFF THE CROOKS PENITENCES! NO WONDER I REMEMBERED HIS FACE BUT I MUSTN'T LET HIM KNOW THAT I MISTOOK HIM FOR ONE OF THEM

LATER AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME.

SO YOU SEE, I NOT ONLY RECALLED THE FACES OF THE CROOKS IN THE LINE-UP, BUT THE DETECTIVES, TOO

HMM... YOUR MEMORY WAS NEVER SO REMARKABLE BEFORE, ALFRED ARE YOU SURE WE HEARD EVERYTHING JUST AS IT HAPPENED?

EVERYTHING THAT MY MODESTY PERMITS ME TO TELL, SIR! AS FOR MY MEMORY... NATURALLY IT WOULD IMPROVE, SIR, THROUGH ASSOCIATING WITH YOU AND MASTER DICK!





# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

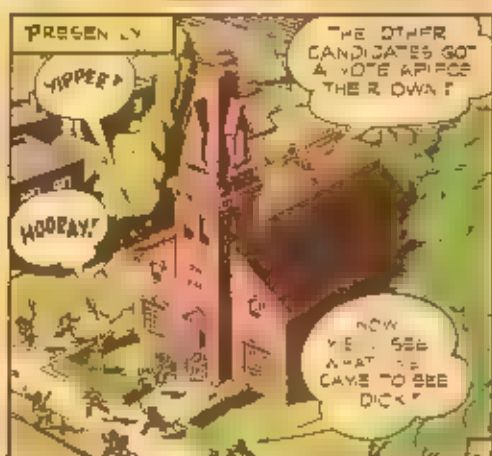
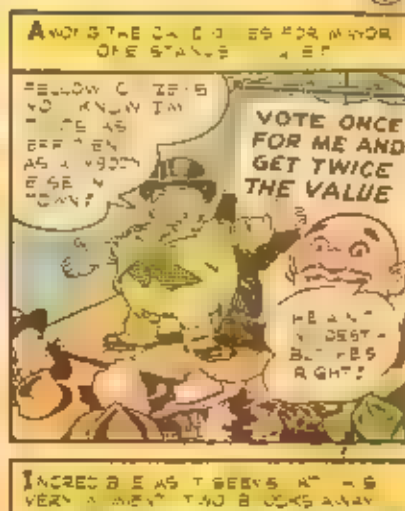
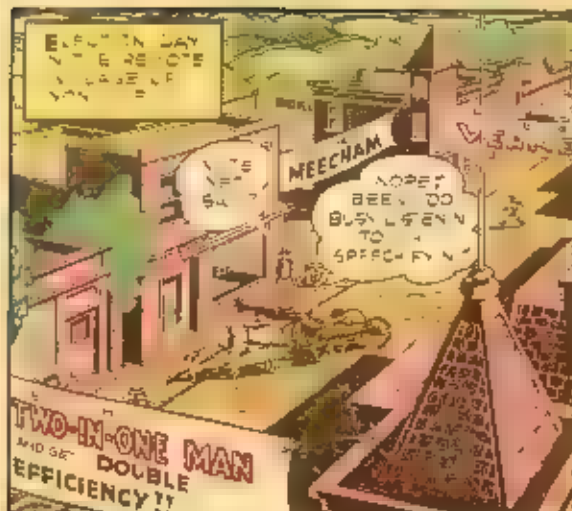
"THE BOY WONDER"

BOB  
KANE



THOSE  
STANCH OFF JERS  
OF THE A TWEELEDUM  
AND TWEELEDUM AND END  
BATMAN AND ROBIN FLAGRANT  
KATERS ALCANTER NO  
AUFORTAY-FAIRING WERE NOT  
A WARE CO IN THE SLEA BED  
TALK CROTEND ROBES OF  
VENGEANCE IN THE RED COAT  
THEY WERE BUT A FROGAS  
THE CASE ENDEERS KNOW  
WEL THAT ALCANTER THAT  
WHITERS AND STEEL RIGUA NOT  
AFTER THE ALCANTER IN THE FALA  
AFTER THE ALCANTER IN THE FALA  
RECKING IN THE FALA DAY OF

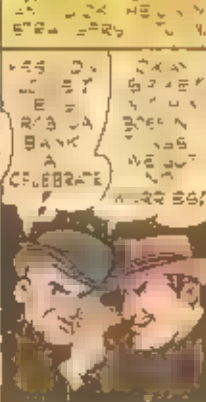
"The MASTER  
of DECEIT!"



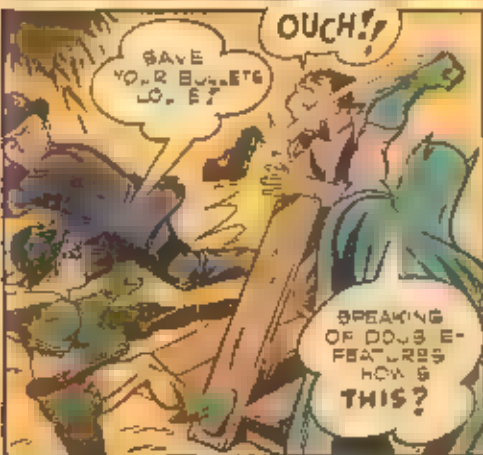
THE GOOD BEING HERO?



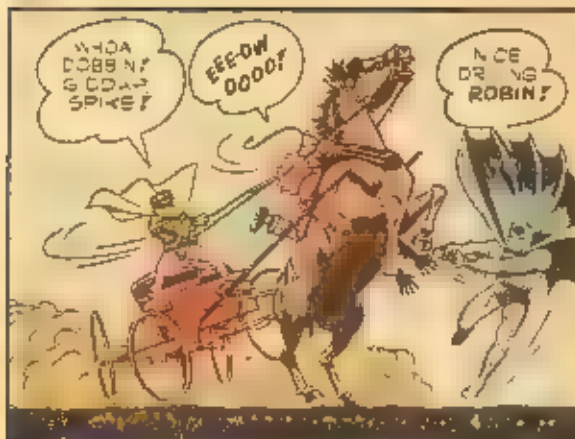
NOT A REASON TO  
CELEBRATE

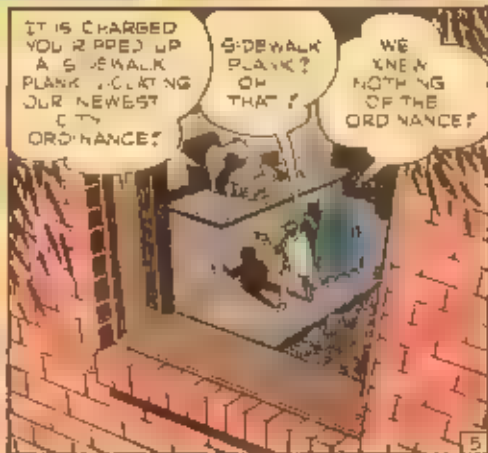
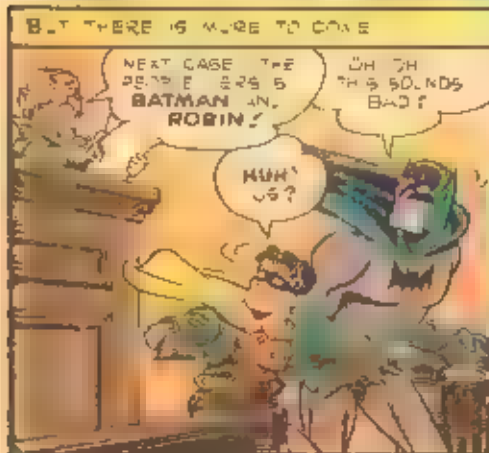
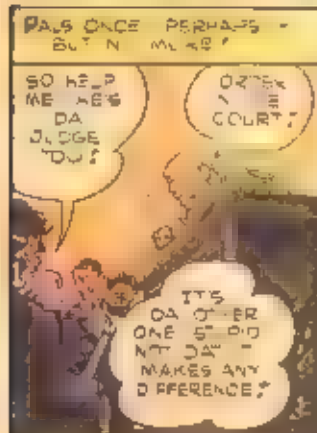


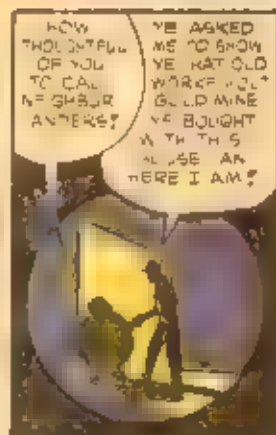
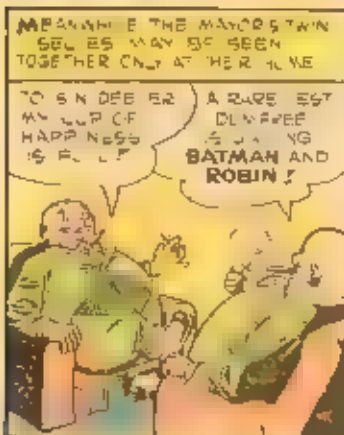
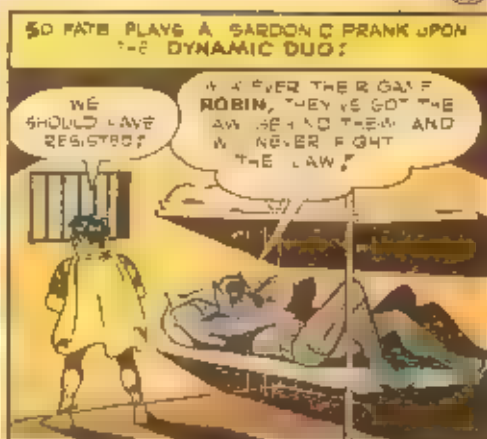
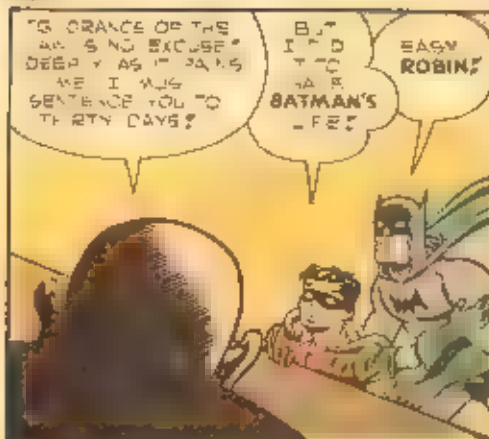
MOMENTS AFTER













NEW DAY - 10:30 - 6:25 PROCLAIM  
MAYOR TWEED

**NOTICE??**  
HAVING DISCOVERED A RICH  
VEIN OF GOLD IN THE OLD  
MINE UNDER MY HOUSE, I  
HEREBY MAKE A FREE GIFT  
OF ALL THE PROFITS TO BE  
DIVIDED AMONG THOSE OF MY  
FELLOWTOWNSMEN WHO  
PROVIDE MONEY FOR ITS  
DEVELOPMENT FOR MYSELF,  
I WANT NOTHING.  
- MAYOR TWEED.

THE MAGIC WORD - GOLD - BRINGS  
EAGER THRONGS TO THE TOWN HALL?

"TAKE 5  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS  
MAYOR?"

"HERE'S TEN  
AND I'VE  
GOTTEN  
THREE HUNDRED  
OF GOLD."



TWO DAYS LATER THE MINE PAYS A  
DIVIDEND

"YOU CAN COLLECT  
YOUR SHARE NOW  
OR RETURN IT  
AND MAKE MORE?"

"WOW! A DIVIDEND  
ALREADY? KEEP  
MY SHARE!"



AND PEOPLE GO MAD WITH VISIONS  
OF RICHES?

"KEEP MAKE CO-  
OP TAKE 5  
THOUSAND I  
BORROWED?"

"I'M SELLING MY  
FARM? I'LL BE  
A MILLIONAIRE  
BY SPRING?"



THAT NIGHT AT  
THE HALL

"HERE BATMAN -  
REALLY?  
HE'S THE  
FATHER OF ME?"

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S IN  
HOCK BUT MILLIONS  
ARE EXPECTED FROM  
MINE FOUND BY  
MAYOR?"

"SCOTT  
WHAT'S  
THIS?"



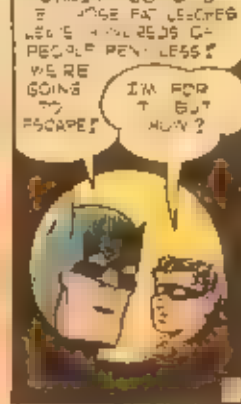
"TWEED'S WORKING A  
GOLD MINE SWindle  
ON THE WHOLE  
TOWN'S FOLKS  
ARE GETTING  
ALL THEY  
CAN GET  
GIVE  
MAYOR  
MONEY?"

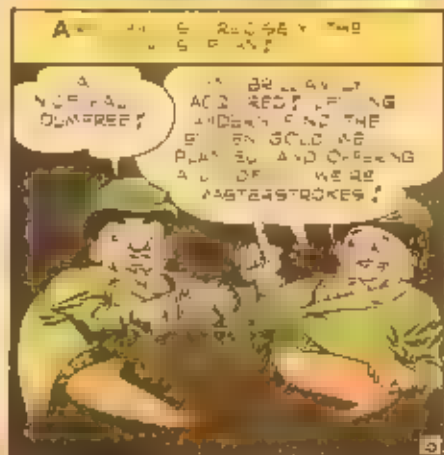
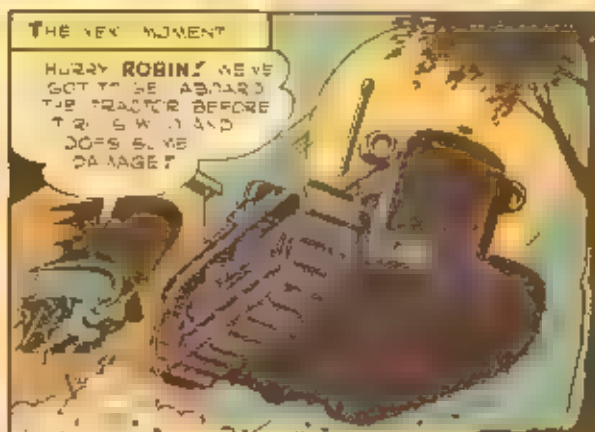
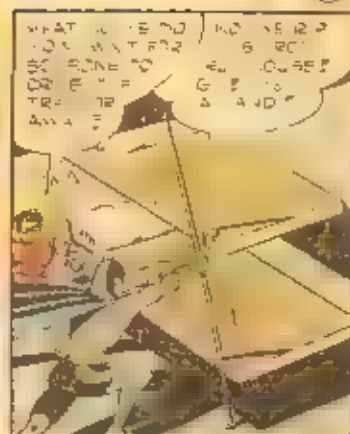
"SO  
WE  
KNOW  
WHAT  
HE'S  
DOING  
AND  
WE'RE  
HELPLESS?"

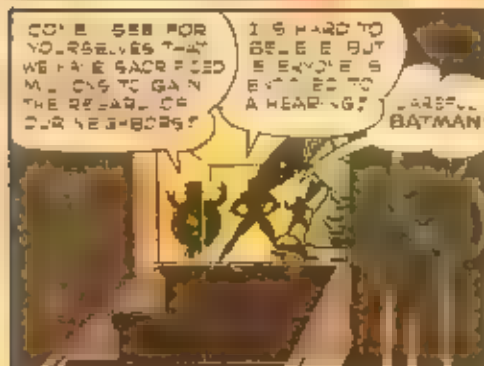
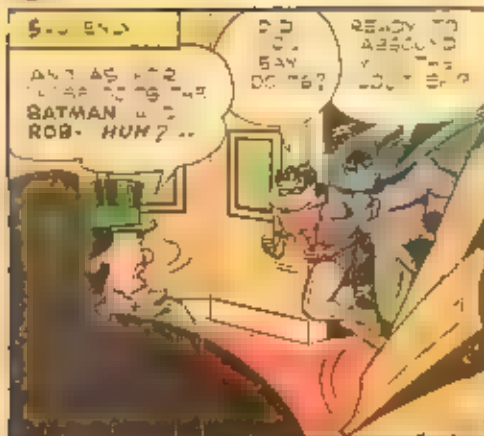


"HE'S ASSESSING NO ROBIN?  
HE'S ASSESSING GOING TO  
BE A MILLIONAIRE  
BY SPRING?  
WE'RE  
GOING  
TO  
POORER?"

"I'M FOR  
IT BUT  
NOW?"











A JOE IN THE TUNNEL THE  
HAPPENED TO REACH THE  
END OF THE TUNNEL

CAN'T  
BUDGE!  
HE  
HASN'T  
A CHANCE!

THAT PLANK  
IF IT COULD  
REACH  
IT

5 BRANG WITH WHERE  
BRANG IS USELESS!

PERHAPS  
MY GALT  
WILL REACH  
ON THE  
WAY AND  
SO

WHAT  
Y  
VE DO  
Y  
T

IF HE CAN  
FORCE HE POINTED  
TO THE PLANK  
THAT'S  
PARKING DOWN  
WELL HAVE A  
BETTER TO WORK  
WITH

RIGHT  
BUT  
NOT  
EASY

NOW ROBIN - PUT  
ALL YOUR STRENGTH  
INTO IT!

IF ONLY  
WE HAD  
GOT TO REACH  
THE AND IF  
ONLY THE BOARD  
DOESN'T  
BREAK!

IF ONLY WE HAD... AND AS THE SHATTERING  
BLASTS LE... THE T... COUSINS ARE  
GONE ALSO

A BARELY  
SALUTE TO  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN!

AND TO A  
VILLAGE OF  
S...  
LADIES!

...BUT NOT FAR!

THE ROAD'S BEING  
UP! WE MUST HAVE  
DYNAMITED ONE OF  
THE TUNNELS  
DIRECTLY UNDER IT!

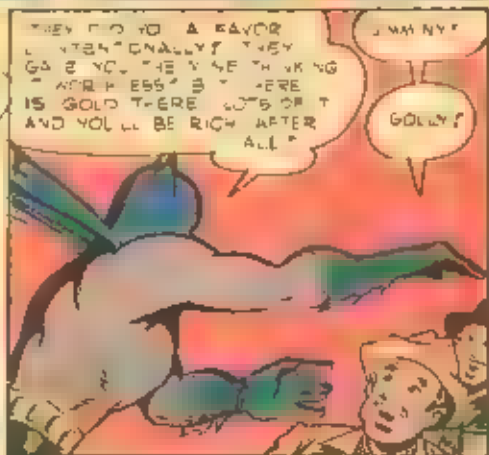
AND HERE  
GOING TOO  
FAST TO  
STOP!

A DO PRESENTLY

DEVELOP  
IT'S THEM!  
WE MUST  
BE DEAD  
TOO!

WHAT  
WE NEED  
IS A  
WRECKING  
TRUCK!

IF  
YOU WERE  
YOU WOULDN'T  
BE - 5  
NEAR TO  
- 5



A HERO IS HONORED...

BECKON WE OWE ALL WE GOT TO **BATMAN**-- AN' WERE SHY A MAYOR? LET'S ELECT HIM HERE AN' NOW! ALL IN FAVOR SAY--

**AYE!**

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU ARE CHARGED WITH FRAUD, GRAND LARCENY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

COUSIN DEEVER, I FEAR IT WOULD BE USELESS!

HAVE WE, COUSIN DUMFREE?

AND NOW-- FAREWELL!

FOR THEY'RE TWO JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS--

... AND IF YOUR NEW PROSPERITY ATTRACTS OTHER CROOKS, WE'LL BE BACK!

ONLY WE'LL WANT A TWO-WAY KEY TO THE JAIL!

WE'RE MAJOR BY ACCLAMATION-- UNANIMOUS?

I ACCEPT WITH THANKS-- TEMPORARILY! MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT IS TO APPOINT **ROBIN** ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE, AND--

OH, BOY!

THEN YOU WILL REMAIN IN CUSTODY WITHOUT BAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL BY THE STATE COURT!

STEP LIVELY, BOYS! THE PLEASURE OF LOCKING YOU UP IS ALL MINE!

LATER, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THE TOWN CERTAINLY GOT THE BEST OF THAT DEAL!

I'M NOT SO SURE, BRUCE... WE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FUN, AT LEAST!

GOTHAM GAZETTE  
**TWEEDS ENTER PRISON AS YONVILLE DIVIDES \$1,000,000 IN GOLD!**

THE END



**FREE**

WITH 2 WHEATIES  
BOX TOPS

**LIMITED OFFER  
SEND NO MONEY**

Get two complete assembly kits for your flying model Fairey Fulmar and Heinkel-113. Just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 1570, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until Sept. 1, 1944. So send today.

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Your planes actually fly! Yes, they are designed to glide and soar for 75 feet or more when launched by hand. And when you rig them for G-line launches they will zoom, dive, climb, and

hedge-hop—under your control. Fly 'em fast and fly 'em hard. Your planes are built for real speed and maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Start a collection of flying fighters. These two planes are numbers 7 and 8 in a series of aircraft which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. Learn how you can get all the flying models. And learn how good breakfast can be when you start with a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—and that's for you.



"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

# PRIVATE PETE

WET PAINT



I'M GLAD THAT JOB IS THROUGH - PAINTING BEYOND MY LINE OF WORK!



I'LL WALK BACK IN A CIRCLE TO SEE IF I MISSED UP ANYTHING!



ER - O U L P -  
THE COLONEL !!



HEY - ER - GO - PARDON ME - BUT I WOULDN'T SIT DOWN THERE ER!



WHAT? HOW DARE YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO !!  
I'LL - I'LL -



ALL RIGHT ER, I JUST THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU ER, THAT BENCH IS FRESHLY PAINTED!





# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

